

Bucry.**The Voice of the Wind.**

BY REV. JOHN WESTLAKE.

Whence comes, O wind,
And whither away?
And what hast thou seen
In thy course to-day?

*The voice is as full of the pathos of life
As tho' the whole world contained nothing
but strife.*

Over mountain and plain,
Over valley and hill,
Mid forests and flowers
We herd dewdrops dash,

In country and city I've journeyed along,
Both finding the weary and cheering the
strong.

I've passed by the couch
Of 'dying to-day,
Where sorrow had driven
All comfort away;

Where hearts in their anguish were quivering
With pain,
And tears of bereavement were falling like
rain.

The heart-stricken ones
The weary of earth,
Whose lot has been sad
Almost from their birth

I've passed, it is strange if I've gathered
their sighs,
Or seen the dumb pleading that shone from
their eyes!

I can not tell all
The story of pain,
Of hopeless despair,
Of loss without gain;

Of men sinking down 'neath the burdens
they bear,
With no one to comfort them, no one to care.

With no one to care?

There's One who is love,
Who came from the home
Of glory above.

Who cares, and would save, did we only
have faith,
From sin, and the terrors we dread after
death.

A Little Philosopher.

The days are short and the nights are long,
And the wind is slipping cold;
The taps are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often sold.

But Johnny McGree,
Oh, what care he,
As he whistles along the way?

"It will all come right

By-morrow night,"

Says Johnny McGree-to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago."

But Johnny McGree,
Oh, what care he,
As he whistles along the street?

Would you have the blues

For a pair of shoes

While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong;
And work is play if you'll only take
Your work with bit of a song.

And Johnny McGree,

Oh, what care he,

As he whistles along the road?

He will do his best,

And leave the rest

To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face, it is often sad,

She scarce knows what to do;

But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad,

She loves him, and wouldn't you?

For Johnny McGree,

Oh, what care he,

As he whistles along the way?

The trouble will go,

And "I told you so!"

Our brave little John will say.

Harper's Young People.

The Unbeaten Singer.

BY O. C. AURINER.

A bird with azure breast and beak of gold,
A joyous stranger, beautiful and shy,

Flown from far groves beneath a summer
sky,

At noon amid our March woods bare and
cold,

Sang like a spirit. Raptures such as bold
The skies charmed and hush the zephyr's
sigh.

From his enamored throat flowed carelessly

In musical low warblings manifold.

At length he ceased, with arch head bent
aside,

And listened long; but from the woodlands
bare

No cheering voice of melody replied,

Only a faint call from the fields of air—

Lightly he rose, and as the echo died

Fled to the open heavens and warbled there.

The Critic.

Selected Tale.**AT MINER'S FLAT.**

BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

It was a broiling day in midsummer at Miner's Flat. The scorching rays of the Arizona sun mercilessly sought out every nook and corner of the camp, unobstructed by shade of any kind. Alice Mariner thought of the hills and dells, the leafy nooks and rippling waters of her old home in New England as she paused for a moment in the kitchen door, and looked out upon the broad and sterile plain where not a single tree relieved the monotony of the landscape. It was a dreary uninhabited spot for a home, and the quick tears sprang to Alice's eyes as a wave of longing for something different—something better—that this in life swept over her. But they were speedily brushed away, and the girl turned back to her work in the kitchen. "How foolish of me!" she thought. "Haven't I one of the very best brothers in the world? And doesn't he tell from morning till night to give me a home, and deny himself many a pleasure that he could enjoy but for me?" What right have I to complain because we don't live in the pleasantest place in the world and have all the luxuries of a millionaire? Alice Mariner, thank your lucky stars that things are no worse, and hurry up with your dinner. Henry will be here in thirty-five minutes as hungry as a bear."

So, with deft, quick movements, Alice set the potatoes over the fire, and the savory smelling roast in the

oven a good pasting, and was creaming the butter and sugar for the pudding sauce, when tap, tap, came a knock at the front door.

"My goodness! Who's that I wonder?" exclaimed Alice, hastily subtiling a clean white apron for her floury kitchen use, and shutting the stove dampers that nothing might burn in her absence. She crossed the little sitting-room, which also served as dining-room and as Henry's bedroom—for this was the land of cot-beds and blankets—and opened the outer door.

"Te-he-he!" giggled Miss Laura—commonly and appropriately called Lolly—Fayette. "Was passing by and thought I'd call," with a glance that was calculated to be bewitching at her companion, a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow in a white suit and Panama hat.

"I'm glad to see you," said Alice, politely. "Walk in, please. Take this rocker, Lolly; and Mr. Harwood, allow me to receive you of your hat."

"Distressingly warm, isn't it?" distinguished Miss Lolly, plying her fan with as much vigor as she could muster. "I never should have ventured out in such a sun, only Nelia Skye is going away on the moon stage, and I was positively obliged to see her about some things she is going to get for me in San Francisco. I met Mr. Harwood, and he was good enough to walk along with me and carry my umbrella. So I told him it was a good time to run in and see you."

A good time for them, perhaps, but not for Alice, who felt that her face was as red as a lobster with the heat of the cooking stove, who had doubts about the smoothness of her hair, and knew that Henry could not wait many minutes for his dinner. But Alice was a real lady, and entertained her callers as gracefully as if their visit was not malapropos. It was not perfectly easy to do, for Miss Fayette seemed bent on showing up the discomforts of Alice's life, and Mr. Harwood had never been in the house before. He had not been in Miner's Flat many weeks and Alice's acquaintance with him was but slight.

"Mercy me how thick the flies are," said Laura, dabbing at one which was endeavoring to get a taste of the "Magnolia Balm" upon her cheek. "I should think they would eat you up."

"There are a great many this summer," replied Alice, "and we are late about getting our screen doors on—Brother is so tired when he gets home at night. Next week he'll be on the night shift, and will have some leisure through the day."

"Oh, does he put them on? We always hire such jobs done, and then the season isn't half over when you're fixed up," Alice flushed, but checked the answer that rose to her lips, reflecting that Laura did not realize how imperious her language was—it was her way. But she wished Laura would not say such things before Mr. Harwood. He had given Laura a strange look when she had made her last speech and now sat gazing respectfully but critically at Alice.

"How did you enjoy the festival, Miss Mariner?" he inquired.

"Very well, indeed. Every one was so social, and I so seldom go out in the evening."

"I don't see what you abut yourself up so for," interrupted Laura. "You're cooking and scrubbing all day, and I should think you'd want some recreation when night comes. You take in sewing, too, don't you?" with an inflection that plainly avinced her estimate of such menial employ.

"Yes, sometimes," replied Alice, quickly, "as I have a good sewing machine, and am anxious to help all I can."

"Well, if 'twas me I shouldn't distress myself as long as my brother could support me. It's too hot weather to work. I should think you'd roast in a little bit of a house like this," glancing through the half-open door at the kitchen fire.

"Is it not as hot for my brother as for me?" asked Alice, striving to remain composed. "And he is not strong. Indeed, that is why we came to this Southern country—the doctor said he must get away from the cold winter. Henry is just as good to me as he can be, and he is all that I have. I could not rest easy one minute if I did not make his burden as light as possible."

Alice's head was erect now, and her eyes shone with a steady, loving light. Wallace Harwood looked at her admiringly. Laura Fayette saw it—it was the very thing she was working against. She had brought Wallace in here on purpose, knowing that he had been very favorably impressed with the gentle, modest girl whom he had met in company a few times, and determined to counteract this impression if she could do so, by showing up the poverty of the Mariners, and Alice's "drudgery" at home.

Mr. Wallace Harwood was a young man of means, and good-looking with though that was of secondary importance—and Miss Laura had designs upon him.

"I declare, it's your dinner time, ain't it?" as innocently as if she had not been fully aware of it before she knocked at the door. "Don't let us hinder you. For my part, I don't see how you can eat dinner at this time of day. We don't have ours until 5 o'clock."

"I confess that I prefer dinner at night myself," replied Alice. "But it was not long before the residents of Mi-

nor's Flat became accustomed to seeing these two riding together at the sunset hour, or walking arm-in-arm up and down the moonlit street, enjoying the cool breeze that seldom failed to blow over the camp at night, after a long and sultry day. It was patent to every one that the elegant young visitor had fallen "dead in love" with pretty, unpretending Alice Mariner.

"From W.—, Massachusetts." "Ab! I am from New Hampshire. But Massachusetts is almost equally familiar to me. I have cousins living near W.—."

"May I ask their names?"

Laura was not at all pleased with Mr. Harwood's tone of interest, or with the turn in the conversation. She had been born and bred on the Pacific coast, and entertained a supreme contempt for everything outside of San Francisco. Alice's answer was checked by the arrival of her brother, who passed the muslin-draped window and proceeded to wash his face and hands at the bench by the kitchen door. Mr. Harwood arose and said: "Do please excuse us for troubling you at this hour. I will inquire about the cousins some other time. Come, Miss Fayette, let us give Miss Mariner a chance to give her brother his dinner."

"It's so good of you, Wallace, dear," said the bride, "to decide at you will live in Santa Barbara so that Henry and I need not be separated, for he would hardly dare venture into a cold climate yet. And it will be so nice for him to take charge of that ranch you have bought. He will soon be as strong as ever, I know. I can't think how you ever came to fancy such a plain little mortal as I am, Wallace." The brown eyes looked up to his with a world of love and confidence in them. "It was that midday call which did it," laughed Wallace, "I liked your appearance before, but that finished me."

TROUBLES OF A BRIDAL PARTY.

Henry's Flat became accustomed to seeing these two riding together at the sunset hour, or walking arm-in-arm up and down the moonlit street, enjoying the cool breeze that seldom failed to blow over the camp at night, after a long and sultry day. It was patent to every one that the elegant young visitor had fallen "dead in love" with pretty, unpretending Alice Mariner. Some crooked that his attentions could mean no good—a rich young fellow like him would never marry a miners sister. But their doubts were set at rest one morning in autumn when a certain marriage notice met their eyes in the *Daily Silver Star*, coupled with the announcement that the happy pair would leave Miners Flat on the 12 o'clock stage for an extended tour through the Eastern States prior to settling in their new home in Southern California.

"It's so good of you, Wallace, dear," said the bride, "to decide at you will live in Santa Barbara so that Henry and I need not be separated, for he would hardly dare venture into a cold climate yet. And it will be so nice for him to take charge of that ranch you have bought. He will soon be as strong as ever, I know. I can't think how you ever came to fancy such a plain little mortal as I am, Wallace." The brown eyes looked up to his with a world of love and confidence in them. "It was that midday call which did it," laughed Wallace, "I liked your appearance before, but that finished me."

TROUBLES OF A BRIDAL PARTY.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green looking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name, and added "and wife" after it. "Can a new married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other, and not be scared out of their boot?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their room and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat. "But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed! That don't express it. We were married day before yesterday, at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them showed at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boys, and porters to let them act for them, and when we rang the bell for the bell boy, a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came to the door to remain at dinner, and a traveling man who posts railroad cards around, and works up excursions, he came in and fixed the fire, and he stayed and poked it for half an hour, and he had more galls than I ever see. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married, that I wanted to thump him, but my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we were married. I rang for a chamber maid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was about half an hour before she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chamber maid stayed about half an hour, and was very interesting, and my wife said she was very pleasant, affectionate sort of creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found out that it was a smooth-faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for Milwaukee clothing house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chamber maid three dollars to loan him an old dress so he could play chamber-maid. When my wife told me that he-chamber-maid patted her on the cheek, and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel, and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would do no harm to kiss a poor chamber-maid, and encourage her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smooth-faced cub had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper, somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs in our bed, and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably in bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up, and the watchman was there, and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire escape so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out in the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begged me to save her. I asked her what was the matter and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter, came in the room and told her to fly, and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back into our room half froze. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire escape, is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out

of her wife, travel for a beams factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray moustache, and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter, at the time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning, before we were up, a waiter brought up our breakfast.

He said the landlord sent it up, and he stood around until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was kind to the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a soap factory at Rockford, and remember how darned impudent he was, I received the medical advice of some of our best physicians for a long time, without being benefited by their prescriptions. Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for kidney disease, and it is greatly improved by the failure of the doctor to help me, and being urged to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had tested its merits, although reluctant to try a patent medicine, I was finally induced to try it, and purchased two bottles of it, and commenced taking it faithfully according to the directions.

Before I had taken it three days the exfoliating pains in my back had disappeared, and before I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. Whenever, from over-exertion or a violent cold, the pain in my kidneys return, a few doses of Hunt's Remedy quickly cure it.

Before closing I beg to mention the remarkable cure of a friend of mine in New York City, to whom I recommended this valuable medicine. He was suffering severely from an attack which was pronounced by his physician as decided case of Bright's Disease of the kidneys. I obtained two bottles of Hunt's Remedy for him, and he commenced taking it, and began to improve at once, and his specially affected kidney was completely relieved of its trouble.

Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefit experienced by my friend and myself from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel it to be my duty, as well as a great privilege, to furnish you the valuable and uncollected testimony of facts for the information of your large number of readers, many of whom are undoubtedly suffering from this widely-spreading scourge, and I believe it is the best medicine now known, and that it will cure all cases of kidney diseases that can be cured.

I shall be pleased to confer with any one who may desire

Gravel's Directory.

Old Colony Steamboat Co.

FALL RIVER LINE.

NEWPORT TO NEW YORK.

First Class Tickets, limited..... \$2.00

Second Class Tickets, limited..... 1.50

The steamers OLD COLONY

and NEWPORT leave Newport

every day (Sunday excepted), at

8:30 A. M., or on arrival of boat from Fall

River, at 10:30 A. M.

Arriving, leave New York, Pier N. R., at

12:30 P. M., stopping at Newport daily.

Tickets and tickets to be secured at

the New York and Boston Dispatch Express

Office or at the New York Gas Co. building, 100

Broadway.

Tickets sold and baggage checked through to

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Freight taken at reduced rates and delivered

with promptness and care.

For particular particulars apply at office (at

place of landing on Long Wharf).

J. H. KENDRICK, Sup't.

J. M. JORDAN, Ag't.

NEWPORT & WICKFORD

Railroad & Steamboat

Company.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Steamer Eolus

Leaves Commercial Wharf,

Newport, three times daily, as

follows:

7.00 A. M.—Connecting at Wickford

with Newington, Westerly, Stonington

and New London, Hartford, New Haven and

New York; also, with trains due at Providence

at 10:30 A. M., arriving at

New York at 12:22 P. M.

P. M.—Departing with Shore Line

express to New London, New Haven and

New York; also, with trains for Hartford,

Springfield and the West, and with trains due

at Providence at 3:25. Passengers arrive in

New York at 5:15 P. M., due at Providence

7:15 P. M., and in Boston at 8:30 P. M.

RETURNING,

Will leave Wickford Junction:

8:30 A. M.—Connecting with trains from

London, Stonington, Westerly, Providence

and Kingston, also, with trains leaving

7:10 A. M., arriving in Newport at 10:30 A. M.,

arriving at Wickford at 11:00 A. M., and

arriving at Providence at 1:30 P. M.

2:45 P. M.—Connecting with express

from New York at 2:15 P. M., due at Providence

7:15 P. M., and in Boston at 8:30 P. M.

THEO. WARREN,

Superintendent.

Old Colony Railroad

2:30 P. M.—Arriving at Wickford

Junction, by 4:30 P. M.

TOMAS COOGESHALL, administrator

on the estate of

ABY CATHERINE BOSS,

late of Newport, deceased, presents his first and

final account with the estate of said deceased,

and prays that the same may be examined,

allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said

account be referred to Monday, the 19th day of

February, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested,

by publishing a copy of this decree in the

Newport Mercury, once a week, at least, for four

forty days.

ALEX. N. BARKER,

Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, City of Newport, Jan. 20, 1883.

THOMAS COOGESHALL, administrator

on the estate of

ABY CATHERINE BOSS,

late of Newport, deceased, presents his first and

final account with the estate of said deceased,

and prays that the same may be examined,

allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said

account be referred to Monday, the 19th day of

February, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in the City Hall, Newport, and that

notice thereof be given to all persons interested,

by publishing a copy of this decree in the

Newport Mercury, once a week, at least, for four

forty days.

ALEX. N. BARKER,

Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, City of Newport, Jan. 21, 1883.

DAVID STEVENS, executor of the last

will and testament of

PARDY W. STEVENS,

late of Newport, deceased, presents his third

account with the estate of said deceased,

and prays that the same may be examined,

allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said

account be referred to Monday, the 19th day of

February, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in the City Hall, Newport, and that

notice thereof be given to all persons interested,

by publishing a copy of this decree in the

Newport Mercury, once a week, at least, for four

forty days.

ALEX. N. BARKER,

Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, City of Newport, Jan. 22, 1883.

Guardian's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been duly

appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate

of the city of Newport, guardian of the person and

estate of ROSE A. BRADFORD, MARY A.

BRADFORD, and PHEBEA BRADFORD, widow

of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons

having claims against said estates to present

them within six months from the date hereof,

and those indebted to me to make payment to

her.

PHEBEA BRADFORD, Guardian.

Newport, R. I., Jan. 23, 1883.

J. H. JORDAN, Ag't.

10-21

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

Fall Time Table.

Sundays excepted, leave New

port for Providence at 8:30 A. M.,

leave Providence for New

port at 3 P. M., touching at Rocky Point, Prudence

Island, and Prudence Tuesdays and Friday

days ONLY.

N. F. HALLETT, Sept.

FOR CONANICUT ISLAND.

Jamestown and Newport Steam

Ferry Time Table.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY,

Oct. 2, 1882, and until further

notice, the steamer

JAMESTOWN, Capt. Wm. G. Knowles, will

run astern:

Leave Jamestown 6:30, 8:15, 11:00 A. M., 2:00,

6:00 P. M.

Leave Newport 7:00, 9:00 A. M., 12:00, 3:00, 5:30

P. M., or on arrival of boat from Providence.

NEW

—AND

DESIRABLE GOODS,

RECEIVED WEEKLY AT

STEWART'S

Dry and Variety

GOODS STORE

260 Thames Street.

NEW

—AND

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been duly

appointed by the Hon. George P. Sturtevant,

of Providence, Probate Judge of Rhode Island,

and Robert M. Head, Esq.,

Administrator of the Estate of MULRYN,

late of Providence, deceased, and having

been duly qualified according to law, requests

all persons owing demands to present them,

and all indebted to make payment to him.

JOHN C. STODDARD,

Administrator de bonis.

2-3

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having been ap-

pointed by the Hon. George P. Sturtevant,

Probate Judge of Rhode Island,

and Robert M. Head, Esq.,

Administrator of the Estate of MULRYN,

late of Providence, deceased, and having

been duly qualified according to law,

requests all persons owing demands to

present them, and all indebted to make payment to him.

JOHN C. STODDARD,

Administrator de bonis.

2-3

FIRE INSURANCE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From all Parts of the World.

Snowballing a German.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Charles D. Sebach, a German bartender, drew a pistol on a crowd of boys, who were snowballing him, to-night, and fired among them. The bullet struck a boy, 9 years old, inflicting a fatal wound. Sebach was locked up.

Arrest of Socialists.

PRAGUE, Feb. 12.—Seven Socialists have been arrested for circulating inflammatory documents.

Forged Real-Estate Deeds.

BUFFALO, Feb. 12.—Geo. Sheldon, son of Chief Judge Sheldon, suddenly left town yesterday. He had forged several real-estate deeds, on which he had raised some \$2000. He was clerk in the City Attorney's office.

A Defaulter for \$5000.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 12.—W. W. Bradley, Sheriff and State Tax Collector of East Carroll parish, is a defaulter for \$5000. He has been suspended by the Governor.

The Explosion at New's File Works at Taylorville, Ill.

TAYLORSVILLE, Ill., Feb. 10.—By the boiler explosion at New's file works yesterday, the building was torn to pieces and several persons killed and injured. Loss \$35,000.

Murderer Sentenced.

James Treglow, who murdered Minnie Chergwin, was Monday sentenced at Morristown, N. J., to be hanged on Wednesday, March 21.

A Father's Awful Crime.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 13.—Two weeks ago John Sheffield, a dissolute character, living near here, quarreled with his family and left them. This morning their house was set on fire, and two of his daughters, one aged 14 years, and the other an infant, were burned to death. Mrs. Sheffield barely escaped in her night clothes. There is great excitement, as it is the universal belief that Sheffield fired the house.

Freight Train Wrecked.

PRINCETON, Feb. 13.—Two collisions occurred on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, late last night, near Malden. In one sixteen cars and a locomotive were wrecked, and in the other several cars and a load of logs were burned.

A Western Swindler.

TORONTO, Feb. 13.—R. J. Fleming, of Chicago, was arrested here to-day on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. It is alleged his frauds will amount to nearly \$500,000. Fifteen thousand dollars were found upon his person.

Death from Hydrophobia.

James Andrews, of Cornish, died last week of hydrophobia. He was bitten last spring and the dog was killed. He commenced to show symptoms two weeks ago and died in horrible agony.

A Defaulter for \$10,000.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—William M. Whitney, bookkeeper of the dock department, is a defaulter to the amount of \$10,000.

Cotton Mills Closed by Accident.

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 13.—A gear wheel on the main shaft coupling to the engine fly wheel of the Wamsutter mills Nos. 4 and 5, broke this forenoon. Both mills will stop two weeks, throwing out a thousand operatives.

RECORD OF FIRES.

Saturday.

Morford's planing mill and Field & Burrough's lumber yard, at Red Bank, N. J., loss \$50,000; Lunsick's oil cloth factory at Astoria, L. I., loss \$25,000; The Valley Zinc Works, at Cleveland, O., loss \$10,000; McAvoy & Co., Wickman & Co., W. L. Hinckley, the Ames Iron Works and the New York Safety Steam Power Company, in Chicago, loss \$12,000; Brown & Hoag's flouring mills and Higley & Johnson's paper pail manufacturer at Medina, N. Y., loss \$18,000; a fire in the Rutherford apartment house, at Newark, N. J., caused a loss of \$15,000; Three cars of a Tarrytown (New York) special train were nearly destroyed by fire. Loss \$15,000.

Sunday.

In Rondout, the Cornell steamboat Co.'s building, and the New York, Catskill and Albany Steamboat Co.'s steamboat city of Catskill, which was lying in the creek near the burning buildings. The losses will aggregate \$175,000. A building at Moncton, N. B., containing the office of Superintendent Pottinger and other chief officers of the Inter-Colonial Railway. A fire in Spruce street, at midnight, caused a loss of \$150,000.

Monday.

The Park House and stables, owned by John W. May, at Auburn. Loss \$25,000. In Taunton, on Union street. Loss \$100,000. The building owned by Leonard P. Joy and occupied by Wm. Farmer, on Middle street, East Weymouth, was totally destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock this morning. Loss about \$750.

Tuesday.

The Globe Rubber Jewelry Manufacturing building on Canal street, New York, was burned to day. Loss \$100,000; Early this morning at Naples, Me., Fred C. Wentworth's variety store was wholly destroyed by fire. Loss \$30,000; The Carlton Hotel and stable belonging to H. K. Small, were burned this morning. Loss \$5000. Nine tenement houses were burned at Mahanoy City, Penn., to-day. Loss \$18,000.

Wednesday.

Collender's seven-story billiard table factory in Stamford, Conn., was burn-

ed to the ground to-night; the loss is estimated at \$225,000; A fire in a house, in Malden, Mass., owned by David Boardman, of Boston, and occupied by David Redman, totally destroyed it to day; loss \$6500; A fire occurred this afternoon in the laundry on the top floor of the Union League Club House on Fifth avenue, New York; loss \$1000; A fire in Weber's block, Buffalo, to-day damaged Heath Brothers' jewelry factory \$10,000, the office of the Sunday Times and a drug store and restaurant \$10,000.

Prevent Decay of the Teeth
with their surest preservative, aromatic SOZODONT. Whiteness of the dental row, a healthful rosiness and hardness of the teeth, a sweet fragrance and a taste of the aromatic. All these are conferred by SOZODONT. Does not such an invaluable toilet article, one so pure as well as effective deserve the popularity it enjoys? Most medicinal. It has no rival worth the name. The ordinary dentifrices have nothing to it, since its appearance have rapidly lost ground. Sold by druggists.

Investigation shows that the defalcation of Teller Whitney, of the Bank of Toronto, does not exceed \$4000.

We are sending the most favorable reports of itsorative effects," write Vanpiper & Co., Druggists, Passaic, N. J. "For treatment of Catarrh, cold in the head, catarrhal drowsiness and Hay Fever you will particularly attention to it, as it appears to have rapidly lost ground.

The American Iron and Steel Association officially announces that the quantity of pig iron made in the United States in 1882 was 4,629,000 tons, which is almost half a million tons more than ever before made in one year in this country.

Useless Freight.
To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urine Troubles, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

William S. Hilliard, aged fifty, a prominent merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and President of the Wyoming Valley Ice Company, died Wednesday morning.

Burton's DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are helping so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only medicine which truly removes the disease at once. All other so-called cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

A resolve was ordered printed in the Massachusetts Senate Tuesday, requesting the Massachusetts delegation to make every effort to secure the expunging from the records the vote of censure passed upon the late Oakes Ames by the Forty-second Congress.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS
to any family by Dr. Kaufmann's book on diseases, finely illustrated plates from life, don't pay him \$1000. Send \$100 and get \$1000 stamp for postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

Eight more Sophomores have been expelled from Bowdoin College for the recent hazing, making twelve in four weeks, or nearly a quarter of the Sophomore class.

One of the most useful inventions of the age is James Pyle's Pearlite Washing Compound, and judging from its extensive sale, it is safe to infer that housekeepers, generally, appreciate this fact.

The tomb of the late President Garfield is still protected by a military guard, who occupy an encampment in the cemetery.

Prescriptions are put up in the most careful manner at the drug store 210 Thames-st., two doors from Postoffice.

Richard Wagner the great composer is dead. He died at Venice, Tuesday.

Alumina relaxes the blood, promoting the circulation, "Alumina" and "Shakes." A sure and preventative is "Wheat-Bitters."

It is said that Representative Speer of Georgia, an Independent who votes with the Republicans on the tariff question will be appointed United States District Attorney for Northern Georgia.

"For four years I suffered agony from a skin disease. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured me," C. B. McDonald, Plantersville, Ala. \$1. at drug-gists.

A funeral took place at Hopkinton, N. H., Tuesday afternoon, under peculiar circumstances. An ox team went a mile and a half to the village and procured the coffin and clergyman. Then two ox teams took the procession to the grave, owing to the great blockades of snow.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicines needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength and tone. They are also good for those suffering from dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents. Sold by J. E. Groff, Agent, 210 Thames St.

Two fishing smacks have been lost off Yarmouth, and their crews, numbering fourteen persons, were drowned.

THE TALE OF THE FALSE TEETH.
False teeth may tell lies in a quiet way. But a real tooth tells the solemn truth when it sends its messages of pain through all the nerves and muscles of the face. "I have the tooth-ache!" is the almost audible howl. And the other, "Yes, and the tooth has mail!" With the poor sufferer's teeth in a decayed tooth, something must be done. Get FERRY DAVIS' FAIR KILLER.

The funeral of the late Marshall Jewell took place at Hartford Wednesday.

FEAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS.
The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winning its prey and is unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrophulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulosis. "Consumption is like a serpent, and the poison it has mail!" With the poor sufferer's teeth in a decayed tooth, something must be done. Get FERRY DAVIS' FAIR KILLER.

STAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS.
The well-known farm belonging to Mr. Fred C. Wentworth's variety store was wholly destroyed by fire. Loss \$30,000; The Carlton Hotel and stable belonging to H. K. Small, were burned this morning. Loss \$5000. Nine tenement houses were burned at Mahanoy City, Penn., to-day. Loss \$18,000.

Wednesday.
Collender's seven-story billiard table factory in Stamford, Conn., was burn-

Wiggin's Great Storm.

Wiggin's now propose to retire from the weather business in disgust. He will "set up" on his March storm, seeing that his last Friday's storm went back on him. He has however the grace to say:

"What is my loss in the world's gain. The failure of this storm requires a world of responsibility from my mind, for the storm I predicted for March has hung over me like a nightmare on account of the terror that it has struck in the public mind throughout the world, as instanced by that pile of letters I have received, and if this storm had happened hundreds of anticipating the March storm would have become insane through fears of its results."

Which only shows how many fools there are in the world.

New Advertisements.

**LARGE SALE
OF
CROCKERY
AT
AUCTION!**
—COMMENCING ON
MONDAY, FEB. 19, 1883,
At 2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

At Store 225 Thames Street.

WILL BE SOLD, 21 crates White Granite Ware, made by John Edwards & Son, England, first-class ware. Also, Glass, China and Silver Plate, Wash-hand basin, &c., &c. The attention of hotel and boarding-house keepers is called to this sale.

The attention of the ladies is called to the sale at 2 o'clock.

The chance to get your goods for spring and summer use.

THOS. BURLINGHAM,
Anteater.

21-7
OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY, February 20.

The young Protean Actress,

CARRIESWAIN

In her New Play, in four acts, entitled

MAB,

The Miner's Daughter.

Supported by a Strong Dramatic Company,
under the management of Charles
B. Palmer.

Appropriate Scenery,
Startling Stage Effects.
Admission 50c. Reserved seats, 75c.

Greene the Hatter

—IS NOW—
COKE
can now be furnished
in any desired
quantity bro-
ken to
STOVE SIZE & SCREENED
READY FOR USE.

Owing to the unusual de-
mand for this excellent fuel
we have been unable to fill
orders promptly, but with the
increased make of gas, which
is required at this season, we
shall have at all times during
the rest of the year an ample
supply on hand.

Prompt attention will be
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Banking and Insurance.**PROVIDENCE MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Com'y,**

No. 44 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
A full policy in this Company covers more
than damages by fire or lightning. The Com-
pany has a large force of agents on
its books, and on its eighty-one years of honorable
service, and on its eighty-one years of honorable
relations with the public.

J. C. WARREN, Secy. J. T. BROWN, Pres.

WILSON & CO., Agents.

JOHN T. LANGSTYER,
Fire Insurance Agency!

Fire Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y.
Capital and Surplus \$2,000,000.
Fire Insur. Co., of Liverpool, England.
Capital \$10,000,000.
Assurance Royal Co., of Manchester, Eng.
Capital \$10,000,000.
American Fire and Life Assurance Co., of Hartford,
Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$1,400,000.

Insurance furnished for any amount re-
quired, on all insurable property, at current
rates of premium, in first-class companies.

108, 131 & 133 Thames Street.

NEWPORT, R. I.

**JACKSON INSTITUTION
For Savings,**

IN BANKING ROOM OF JACKSON BANK,

29 Waterman St., Providence, R. I.

Directly opposite Post Office.

PRESIDENT—CHARLES A. BOYD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—ALICE H. MANCHESTER

AMOS M. WATERS, JOHN E. CHAPMAN.

MURKINS—

ABRAHAM J. BARNABY, Alfred Anthony,

Loyal P. Gladning, Wm. H. Greene,

Gilbert F. Hobbs, George L. Claffin,

Alexander Macmillan, John W. Kilvert,

Thomas F. Pieron.

Dividends February and August. Deposits on or before the 15th day of February

May, and again November, draw interest on

the last held month.

THO. B. TALBOT,

Treasurer and Secretary.

**FRANKLIN
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,**

WOOD'S BUILDING,

No. 50 South Main, cor. College St., Prov. R. I.

Insured 1865. Am't. at 1867, \$6,000,000.

Assets, \$6,000,000.

Branches: A. S. DIX, B. A. ADAMS, ED-

WARD A. BROWN, G. W. KELLOGG, Knob

tree, Amherst, E. Barnards, Westerly,

Atwood, Wm. Brown, Charles F. Mason, Matthew

W. Ingraham, Resolved Waterman, Thomas

Brown, Wm. H. Chandler, Francis C. Smith,

John W. Murphy, John C. Smith, E. H.

J. C. W. Clark, G. W. Green, Eugene W. Mason.

This Company confides its business exclusively

to insuring Dwelling Houses and Household

Furniture. Dividends paid at aspiration of

Policies. AMOS M. BOWEN, President.

JOHN B. WHITON, Secretary.

HENRY N. WARD, Agent.

PURE NEAT'S-FOOT OIL.

HAVING got hold of a job lot of Neat's-
Foot Oil that is Strictly Pure, I am anxious
to sell it for 50 cents per quart, and with
each quart will give a receipt for the prop-
erty of Harnesses and Uarrings and how
to oil them.

Ask for McCarty's Receipts.

JOHN McCARTY,

Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer,

TRUNKS OF ALL KINDS

ON HAND AND REPAIRED.

Market Square.

13-14-15

Ink! Ink!

The largest assort-
ment of Ink to be
found in the city is at

Clarke's.

I HAVE the leading brands of Ink of the
following manufacturers:

DAVIDS,

CARTERS,

ARNOLDS,

STAFFORDS,

ANTOINES,

MAYNARD & NOYES

TODDS GOVERNMENT,

BLACKWOODS,

THOMAS,

FREEMANS,

MOORES,

CAWS.

Clarke's,

180 and 182 Thames Street,

LIBRARY BUILDING.

HENRY BIESEL,

Saddle, Harness and Trunk

MAKER!

TRUNKS & SATCHELS,

TRUNK & SHAWLSTRAPS.

Practical Carriage & Wagon Trimming.

HARNESS OILS & BLACKINGS.

Repairing in all its Branches.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,

WHIPS, HORSE-BLANKETS, DOG

COLLARS, BRUSHES, COMBS,

&c., &c., &c., &c.

176 Thames St.,

People's Library Building.

6-12

HYACINTHS.

HYACINTHS in bud—Red, White and Blue.

25 cents each. Large bulbs, large pots.

PRIMROSES,

White, Pink, &c.

Orders left at WILSON'S FRUIT STORE

Thames street, promptly attended to.

Wilson's Greenhouses, B'way.

JOSEPH M. LYON,

PLUMMER, HARRIS & COPPERHORN,

No. 224 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Has constantly on hand a variety of

Hemp, which he warrants. Also, Water

Wool, Sheep Wool, Felt, and every de-

scription of Plumping Materials, and Sheep

Wool, also Almond, Linseed, and Sheep

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